

# *Mileven Oneshots*

**A collection of  
Mileven oneshots  
(that I haven't  
updated in forever)**

*by Stypesoftrash*

## Mileven Oneshots by 5typesoftrash

**Category:** Stranger Things, 2016

**Language:** English

**Status:** In-Progress

**Published:** 2017-11-25 21:43:51

**Updated:** 2017-11-29 03:54:26

**Packaged:** 2019-12-17 05:06:32

**Rating:** T

**Chapters:** 5

**Words:** 4,687

**Publisher:** [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

**Summary:** Cute fluff. Some is between seasons 1 and 2, and some is post-season 2. All Mileven. Background Jancy, Jopper and whatever Max x Lucas is in some. ALL OF IT WILL BE ADORABLE. THIS DOES NOT MEAN THAT THERE WILL BE NONE INVOLVING DEATH. I will make sure to put them in. The first several chapters will all be happy reunions, though. Rated T for language.

## 1. The End Of All We Know

Eleven - Mike

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My story begins at the end. It begins with a girl, lying on a table, drained of all energy. A beautiful girl. A girl who saved me. A girl I loved, more than many things. I leaned over her, and I felt her barely breathing, almost dead. I wanted to cry, but then she became conscious, and I became self-conscious. "Just hold on a little longer, okay? The bad man's gone. We'll be home soon, and my mom- she'll get you your own bed. And you can eat as many Eggos as you want." I didn't snuffle. Definitely. There's Dustin in the background insisting that I was crying- \*distantly\* Go away Dustin! I don't need you for this! - Anyway, then I said, "and... we can go to the snow ball." She looked so vulnerable, I wanted to wrap her in my arms and hold her forever. "Promise?" She whispered. "Promise." I said. \*distantly\* OK Lucas, OK! I'll tell them. God my friends are dumb. Lucas says he and Dustin were behind me thinking, "what's going on with him? He says he doesn't like her and then he's asked her to the snowball? WHAT?" Ugh. (eyeroll) Anyway, there was so much more to say, but we were interrupted by the sound of our imminent death - sorry, the Demogorgon - and the gunfire of the men protecting us from it. There were thuds, and screams, and then the gunfire stopped. "Is- is it dead?" asked Dustin. We watched the wall, frightened, and then, just as we were starting to think, yes, it was dead, and we were starting to relax, it sprang through the door. Lucas grabbed the wrist rocket and started pelting it with rocks. The next few minutes passed in a blur of taking rocks from Dustin and handing them to Lucas. He made one amazing shot right into its mouth-head-hole-thing and it flew across the room. I was about to congratulate Lucas on his amazing shot when El stepped in front of me, nose bleeding. She'd launched it across the room. She started to advance, and I freaked out. I started to run up to her, to stop her, because what if she had to be hospitalized, what would we say, what if she died, so I ran up to her and she stuck an arm out, and I just flew backwards. I slammed into a cabinet on the other side of the room. I clutched my aching head and screamed, "Eleven, STOP!" She turned and looked into my eyes sadly. I was still frozen. "Goodbye Mike," she whispered. Her face was heartbreaking. I would have smiled, had she not been killing herself for me. I wanted to move, wanted to scream, anything to prove I was still

*alive and kicking, but she wouldn't let me interfere. If I lost her... She said something I couldn't hear, and then it exploded into many tiny particles of dust. They converged on the spot where she stood, and she was gone. "El? El! EL! ELEVEN! Where are you?" I was completely hysterical. I won't deny that. I screamed and cried for a while until my friends calmed me down. Then we went home. We saw Will in the hospital a few days later. He was ok. We told him about El, and about our adventures with the Demogorgon, and more things. It wasn't the same again though. She had changed me, and I wouldn't forget it. Ever.*

**I have searched for so long to find him. I'm not going to give up now. Even though it seems hopeless. I see a light. I feel compelled to follow it, so I do. It leads me to an all-too-familiar house. I walk into the basement. I wonder if Mike is here. I guess there's only one way to find out. "Mike?" I call into the darkness.**

*"Mike. Mike!" Lucas is yelling at me. I stopped talking, and now I'm just staring at the fort I made for her, just a few months ago. Seems like lifetimes. I don't look up, still in a daze, until I hear another voice. "Mike?" I jump to my feet. "El?"*

**After a moment, I hear him call my name. "Mike." I sigh contentedly. "Yeah, I'm here El, what- how- what?" He's so cute when he's flustered. "Mike... I miss you. I'm trying to come back to you, but... but I can't find you." I break down into a fit of hysteria. "El, El are you ok?"**

**"Yes, I'm fine. The monster..."**

**"Monster? The Demogorgon isn't dead?"**

**"No, I killed it. But... there's another monster. It's here... eight heads and all." I can practically feel him shaking his head in disbelief. "Maybe you should stop playing that D&D game," I joke teasingly. "Yeah... maybe. I will, when you're home and safe. And we can be happy together and..." He trails off. "Mike, I'm not coming back."**

**"What are you talking about? Of course, you are!"**

"Mike, I can't get back! Maybe someday I'll find you again. But until then, move on without me."

"El, there is nothing without you, I am *NOTHING* without you!" I start to cry. "Mike... Mike, I love you, ok? But you need to move on. Pretend I never existed if it's easier for you. Please. Live your life. Live the life you would have lived if I hadn't come and screwed it all up..."

"El, I don't want a life without you in it. If I'd never met you, I wouldn't know what I was missing but I wouldn't be as fulfilled either. I love you. Please... I need you to come home. Please," I don't want to make him so miserable, or so bitter, but I'm trying to get him to see the truth. "Michael," I say sharply, "you *will* move on with your life, you *will* be happy, and you won't keep being miserable. It hurts you, and it hurts me. Goodbye, Mike." I break the connection. As soon as I do, I feel pain. I want him back. I curl up on the couch and pretend that I am in the Right-side-Up (as I've decided to call it) with Mike. Maybe watching Star Wars. The thought cheers me immensely. I fall asleep to the sound of my own heartbeat, like the beat of a drum, to the tune of him.

I wake too soon. I feel dead. I struggle towards anything, a smile, a laugh, an epiphany. Nothing comes. Why can't I find my way out of this literal hellhole? Fuck everything. (This isn't important or anything, but that [the word everything (not the word "that" [is the 1100-word mark (this is just to prove that I can make a fifth parenthesis [Stranger Things is awesome (don't judge me for pretending season 2 doesn't exist [I want Mileven to happen and stay alive (PLZ [tenth parenthesis]]))]]))]])) I struggle to escape, but I'm getting colder. I'm losing everything. Then I wonder if my powers could open a temporary gateway. They opened a real one before. I focus.

*I am sitting on my couch, staring dejectedly at my Supercom. I wish she could just fall from the sky. I imagine how it would happen.*

His face floats behind my eyes -

*I would look up and she'd be there -*

**Just out of reach -**

*Smiling brightly, like a star -*

**Eyes shining, hair dark, smile gorgeous -**

*I imagine that when I look up, she'll be there.*

**I envision being where he is.**

*I hold my breath.*

**I feel his presence, so strong in this house.**

*I open my eyes and look up.*

*The fort is still empty.*

*I look back down. She's really gone. I realize that I sincerely enjoyed pretending. It was fun. I smile a little. "El," I whisper. Silence. Then, "Mike?" I look up. Right there, in the fort. As if she were there the whole time. "Eleven."*

## 2. The Earth Spins On, But I Stay Still

Two months after Eleven disappeared, Mike Wheeler was becoming more and more sullen by the day. He wasn't eating, wasn't sleeping, and he would sit in her fort all day with his Supercom. He was observed in this state by all of his friends, his sister, and Jonathan. They were sincerely worried about him, and wanted to help him. One particularly bad day, while discussing what to do to get the old Mike back, Dustin had an idea. The conversation had been going like this:

Lucas: I miss the old Mike. I want him back.

Nancy: You know what Mike would say to that-

Lucas: Yeah, I know, 'maybe the old Mike doesn't exist anymore'... without *her*. What he doesn't get is that she was our friend too!

Dustin: Wait a second! Back to Mike. I have an idea.

Jonathan: What? I'm getting really worried about him.

Dustin: We should tell Mr. Clarke.

Will: No way! He'd never believe us, and besides, if he did, what could he do about it?

Dustin: You weren't around for this part, Will, but Mr. Clarke believed a lot of stuff we told him that seemed unbelievable.

Will: I'm not sure about this...

Dustin: Just trust me guys. He'll know what to do.

Meanwhile, Scott Clarke sat in a classroom in the school, listening intently to an unbelievable story. "So, you're telling me that you're not who the boys said you are, you have *powers*, and the reason the school is trashed is because of a monster that *you* released? Ok. Ok. I can handle this. I can't believe I'm saying this, but I actually believe you. Do they know you're here?" The person in front of him shook her head. "Ok. We should find them. They... I don't know, but you are important to them." She smiled, and he smiled back.

"MR CLARKE!" Dustin was screaming. "MR CLARKE- Mr. Clarke. Hi..." He stopped and panted for breath. "We need to talk to you."

"Uh, Dustin?" Will asked hesitantly. Dustin ignored him. "We have a story to tell you." Will took a breath and tried again. "Dustin?" He was ignored again. "You might not believe it, but I promise it's true." Will gave up being polite. "DUSTIN!"

"WHAT?" Dustin turned around to look in his face. Unlike usual, Will didn't flinch or give any sign of fear. "Look behind him." Dustin turned back around slowly. "El... Eleanor?"

"Don't pretend, Dustin. Eleven told me the whole story," Mr. Clarke said, not unkindly. "Ok. So, you know her name, you know about the Upside-Down and you know why we asked you all those 'theoretical'"- he used air quotes here - "questions, like parallel dimensions, and sensory deprivation tanks?" He nodded. "Exactly." El had seen them and come over. "Dustin! Lucas, Nancy, Jonathan and... I assume you're Will?" Will nodded shyly. "Um... didn't you say she talks in one- or two-word sentences?" Dustin nodded, a little puzzled. "Also, Mike didn't say she was so pretty." Dustin had been thinking the same. "Dear god, your hair is gorgeous." El looked a little sad. "Where is Mike?" Dustin looked around, as if he hadn't noticed Mike wasn't there. He stepped back and Lucas came forward. "El, Mike... Mike is at his house." El looked confused. "Why?"

"He's being depressed, because he misses you and that fact that you're gone is completely destroying him from the inside. It's also affecting his grades, his work ethic, and his effort level in school. You had quite the effect on him." El looked surprised. "Well, I knew that he liked me, but I didn't know he liked me *that* much." Lucas laughed. "Yeah, he wasn't that good at hiding his feelings."

"No, it's not that. I mean, I wasn't that good at picking up on stuff either. No, I only understood after he kissed me." Everyone, even Mr. Clarke, looked surprised. "Mike kissed you?" Nancy asked, the first to recover. "Yeah, he kissed me... here actually, when we made the sensory deprivation tank. Dustin was yelling about pudding, and I asked him what pudding was, and he explained it, and then he talked about me being able to live with him, and eating whatever I wanted. And then I asked about Eggos. Because Eggos. Anyway, then we had a whole conversation where he basically said the Wheelers would be like my family, Nancy would be my sister and whatever and I asked him if he'd be my brother and he was all like, 'hell no!' and I didn't understand and he didn't really tell me why, instead he explained the Snow Ball and asked me to go to it with him, and he said it would be weird if you went to a school dance with your sister. He said you go with someone you really like, and I asked if he meant like a friend,

and he said, 'no, like a...' and then he kissed me without finishing his sentence. It was actually really nice." Everyone looked surprised. Then Mr. Clarke said, "then we definitely need to get you back to him." Everyone looked at him. "Just because I'm a science nerd doesn't mean I don't understand romance. Come on." They followed him without a word. When they arrived at the Wheelers' house, they formulated a plan. Mr. Clarke decided to leave, and they worked their plan out together.

"Ok, so... and Jonathan... Nancy can... and Will, you... El, stay out of the way... Mike... love... happy... fort... ready? Break!"

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"Mike, come here." Mike groaned and put down his English homework. "What, Nancy?"

"Just trust me." He groaned again and came down the stairs. "I really need to do my homework."

"Please! You weren't doing homework, you were probably staring at the wall thinking about Eleven wistfully." He looked angry. "How would you know what I do in my room? I do care about my grades!" Even as he said it, he knew it wasn't really true. Nancy was probably right. "I don't know. I miss her a lot. I just wish... I don't know. That I could see her? Talk to her? Know that she's okay? I just want El back." Nancy nodded sympathetically. "I know. I sincerely understand." Mike quickly changed the subject. "Is this one of those stupid things like in the movies where you try to get me to stop being antisocial and depressed so you throw me a party or something?" Nancy nodded, then shook her head. "Yes, and no. You see... Oh! We're here." She opened the door to the basement and pushed him inside. There were no streamers or banners immediately visible, so that was good. He turned around, but the basement door was closed and Nancy was nowhere to be found. "Bitch," he muttered. All the lights were on and there were no decorations. However, when he walked in, he could see the blanket fort he'd made for El. The sight brought back feelings of sadness and guilt. "Oh, El. Why did you have to be so fucking brave? Why did you have to leave me here with all my guilt and misery? Why? What did I do?" He was screaming now. "El! Why did you have to disappear again? I fucking hate everything!" He plopped down on the stairs and put his elbows on his knees. He

put his head in his hands and sobbed silently. Then he stood up and started to leave. Well aware of Nancy, Jonathan, Will, Lucas, and Dustin in the little bathroom, peering through a crack in the door, he said, "if this is how you cheer me up, I'll stay miserable, thank you. Jerks." Just as he reached out to open the door, he heard "are you *quite* finished?" He turned. El was standing right at the bottom of the stairs. "El." It wasn't a question. "El, I thought you were dead. I literally fucking thought you were fucking dead. And you come back here and ask me if I'm *finished*?" Mike wasn't so surprised to see her as he was losing all his shit, and the limited amount of sanity he'd retained from after she left. "I didn't think they could do it. There you go fuckers. I didn't think you could do it. I didn't think you could find her and you did. Congrats. Now fuck off and give me some time alone with her." They all immediately shoved the door open and sprinted out the back door. "Hi." Mike breathed out. "Hi. I missed you." Mike looked surprised at her. "I missed you too." El shook her head. "Ok, this is really awkward, so let's skip all the awkward stuff and go straight to the part we're both looking forward to where we make out and have an adorable reunion so the writer of this fanfic feels like she's accomplished something in life." Without waiting for his response, she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him passionately. He held her close and kissed her back, and in that moment, on the stairs to the basement, Mike was happier than he had been in a long time.

### 3. Hope For the Future

Hey there you fans! I figured I'd upload this chapter while I have it, because I guarantee the next one will make you cry. You'd want fluff before the sadness and death and misery, right? And then there will be more fluff for you afterwards. Most of these first ones were written between seasons 1 and 2, so you can enjoy the beautiful fantasies of a troubled fangirl. There will be post-Snow Ball stuff coming your way, too. Be prepared. Enjoy!

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"Mike, it's been four years since she disappeared. You're miserable and you need someone to help you out of it. Now, I've set you up on a blind date. You're going." Mike shook his head, but knew that he would go anyway. "Whatever Lucas. Thanks for trying to make me feel better."

"Here's the problem, Mike; you miss her, and I get that, but you've lost hope that she's coming back, so you're stuck in an endless limbo of wanting her back and not thinking you'll get her back so all that happens is that you get more miserable. You're going on this date." Mike nodded, knowing Lucas was right. "Fine. But I'm just going to have dinner with her, and then I'm coming home. I won't walk her to her house or anything, and if I don't want to see her again, I won't. Deal?" Lucas nodded reluctantly. "Fine."

Mike's date was a disaster. She climbed all over him, sat in his lap, and all-around tried to seduce him in the middle of the restaurant. Mike left early. "Lucas, I'm never seeing her again. She was trying to have sex with me on the table! Dear god, make better choices!" Lucas was downcast. Two days later, he begged for Mike to let him try again. "Please Mike! This will be much better, I promise. I met her earlier! She's amazing. I know- I *know* you'll love her. Please, give me one more chance!" Mike nodded reluctantly. He followed Lucas' instructions to the movie theater. When he arrived, he sat in his car for a few minutes before reluctantly getting out. He looked around for a woman who was alone. There was only one. She kept checking her watch and tapping her foot impatiently. Mike had to admit, she was very beautiful. She had shoulder-length, rather curly brown hair,

and beautiful chocolate eyes. She was wearing a blue sundress that fitted her frame well, and light blue dress shoes. He approached her. When she saw him, her eyes widened. She walked towards him, her eyebrows raised and a look of surprise upon her face. "Lucas, you son of a bitch," she said quietly as she came close to him. She wrapped her arms around him and smiled. "I didn't think you would come." Mike looked a little confused. "Do... do I know you?" She nodded. "You definitely do, though I'm not surprised you don't remember me. It's been a while... Mike." The "k" was emphasized when she said his name, and it sparked a host of memories. "My name is Jane." She smiled. "You know me by another name." He smiled, suspicions confirmed. "El?" She smiled. He kissed her, and suddenly everything was ok.

"Lucas! Lucas, you son of a bitch!" Lucas came out of the basement of the Wheelers' house. "What? Was this date as horrible as the other one?" He looked at Mike. Mike shook his head. "Did you know who this was?" Lucas scrutinized El. "No, I'm lost." Mike facepalmed. "Lucas, this is my girlfriend. Jane Ives." Lucas stared at him. "Still no."

"Lucas," El began. "I know you know me. Think harder." Lucas stared, realization slowly dawning on him. "She's talking in complete sentences now?"

"Lucas, it's been four years! Yes, she is, and also she can speak for herself, talk to her!" Dustin and Will ran out, breathless. "What- the fuck- is going on- here?" Dustin panted. "El," Mike said simply. Will stared. "Mike was right. You are pretty." El blushed. Dustin just stared. "You don't look like you used to." El smiled. "Neither do you. That tends to happen over four years." They began to banter, and it was fun, and easy. Mike smiled. After all this time, Eleven was finally home.

## 4. Author's Note

Hello Superman, Wonder Woman, I had no idea you'd be here, Mr. Shaquille O'Neal, greetings all!

Sorry, I had to.

But, in all seriousness, welcome to my THINK TANK!

Ok, I'm seriously done now.

THAT'S ANOTHER ONE OF MY FANDOMS OMG!

Ok, here's the real reason I want to put this out.

I want everyone to know how amazing my girl is.

Shoutout to my beautiful girlfriend SheWh0Was (link to her account, Hamilton fanfics, uh-that's what I'm talking about! u/10039686/SheWh0Was1)!

I love you so much, babe!

You are literally my everything.

You and are the only reasons that I'm still alive. But mostly you.

You have no idea how much I depend on you.

You are my whole world.

I love you.

There are not enough words for her. She makes everything *better*. She's just like that. And she's smiley all the time. She's like, everything I want in a best friend, plus the fact that she's drop-dead gorgeous which makes her appealing to me romantically. And I'm lucky I got her to notice me at all. The point is, she's awesome, and she keeps me going. Which leads me to my actual point, which is don't give up on what you love, because it will never give up on you. And when you need it, it will give you the energy to keep pushing, even when everything seems terrible and the dark is everywhere. If it's really strong enough, if it's really meaningful, it will keep you alive and kicking, and not because of guilt. If you love someone, remember to keep them in your heart, and you will never lose them. They will give you hope.

Thank you, Em, for giving me hope, and for always being there.

**You mean the world to me.**

## 5. Time After Time

### Pre-Eleven

Nancy was listening to the radio in her room. I walked past her door and heard one of my least favorite songs of all time. "If you're lost, you can look, and you will find me... time after time..." I just rolled my eyes and kept walking. "What a cheesy song," I muttered. The radio in my room was turned to the same station. I was too lazy to change it, so I just thought about it. It's cheesy... but I guess, somewhere buried deep in my mind, I want someone so special that they would always be there for me. "If you fall I will catch you, I'll be waiting... time after time..." Someone who would love you unconditionally and be there to help you up when you fell down on those rough spots in life. I would hope everyone could have that. But, I'm only twelve. What do I know about love and relationships?

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### Post-Eleven

Two days after El disappeared, I turned on my radio for no reason. "If you're lost, you can look, and you will find me..." I hated this song more than ever now. El was gone, and I *was* lost. And I looked. I'd look every day forever if it meant that someday I would find her. And I couldn't find her. At the same time, El was lost, she'd probably looked for me and she couldn't find me. Dustin, Lucas and I were her only friends in the world. She needed friends. And she had nothing right now. To make matters worse, the day she had been lost, I had kissed her. I had thought everything was going to be okay, and then she disappeared. I was suddenly aware that I was crying. "If you fall, I will catch you, I'll be waiting..." came the melancholy tune. "El... El, why did you leave me?"

"Time after time..."

"Eleven..."

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### Post-Snowball

I flipped on my radio, hoping against hope that it would be on. I switched channels for maybe ten minutes, but then it came on. "If

you're lost, you can look, and you will find me, time after time." I smiled at El, snuggled in my arms. "El," I whispered. "I love you." She was fast asleep, but she snuggled deeper into my embrace. I no longer hated this song. This was our song. It meant that we would always find each other again, and we could get through everything. It meant that El was mine, and I was hers, and I realized it had been that way all along, hadn't it? She had always been my one and only. She was beautiful, and compassionate, and she was always curious about everything. I could show her the world. "If you fall, I will catch you, I'll be waiting, time after time..." I smiled. I would always come for her. She was the only one for me, and I would catch her when she fell a million times over, if only to see her face again. She was my entire world. That was the moment I knew for absolute certain that I had fallen in love with Jane Ives.

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Heyyyyyyy... now it's really late/early and I'm suffering from some serious insomnia, plus I pulled an all-nighter that took me about forty minutes to finish a thing I missed yesterday because I was sick etc. and I had this idea like two days ago and I forgot to pull it out! But here is your daily Mileven fix. I'm sorry I couldn't give you a larger dosage. It was just a cute idea that was bouncing around in my brain, Mike hearing "Time After Time" by Cindy Lauper (I really hope I spelled that correctly [for those of you who don't know, they play this song at the Snowball at the end of season 2] ) before meeting El, after El was taken by the monster, and then again after the Snowball. So... was it great? Was it horrible? Was it mediocre? R&R!